

UNCLE SAM

BY
AL
GABRIELE



NOT SO FAR FROM EVERY TOWN,
THE HOME OF UNCLE SAM,
STANDS AN OLD RAMSHACKLE
HOUSE, ALMOST HIDDEN FROM
VIEW-- FOR YEARS IT HAD
GONE UNHEEDED-----
SUPPOSEDLY UNOCCUPIED---
BUT---

THE UNSUSPECTING CANNOT PENETRATE THE DINGY WALLS WHERE TUCKED AWAY IN OBSCURITY, ARE THE WORK ROOMS OF DR DIRGE, SCIENTIST...

SCIENCE CAN WORK FOR THE DESTRUCTION OF MAN... DR. DIRGE, LIKE ANY OTHER WITH A LUST FOR WEALTH AND POWER, LIVES FOR AN UNWORTHY CAUSE!



MEANWHILE...UNCLE SAM AND BUDDY ARE WALKING IN THE COUNTRY...

I DON'T SEE ANYTHING HERE!

YOU SEE A FREE LAND, BUDDY, WHAT MORE ARE YOU LOOKING FOR?



LOOKING FOR TROUBLE! I'M ITCHIN' FOR EXCITEMENT!

YOU GET INTO ENOUGH TROUBLE WITHOUT TRYING SON!



LET'S EXPLORE THAT OLD SHACK---WE MIGHT FIND A TREASURE HIDDEN THERE!



OKAY, BUDDY-- BUT I'M AFRAID YOU'LL FIND GHOSTS INSTEAD OF GOLD!

G-GHOSTS!



PEOPLE HAVE BEEN SAID TO SEE WHITE OBJECTS FLOATING AROUND THE PLACE!

I- I'VE CHANGED MY MIND --- I DON'T WANT TO MIX WITH GHOSTS!

DON'T BE A GOOSE-- THIS HOUSE USED TO BELONG TO DR. DIRGE, A SCIENTIST! HE DISAPPEARED SUDDENLY A FEW YEARS BACK!

DISAPPEARED SUDDENLY-- DIRGE-- I DON'T LIKE THAT NAME!

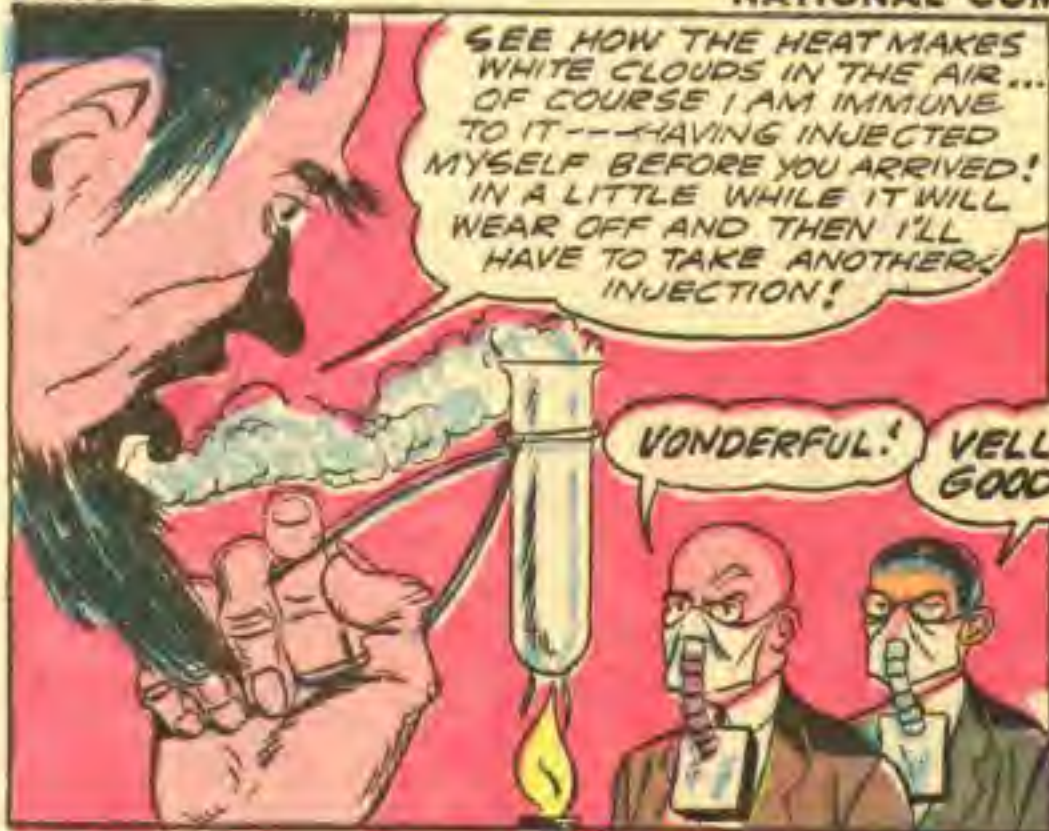






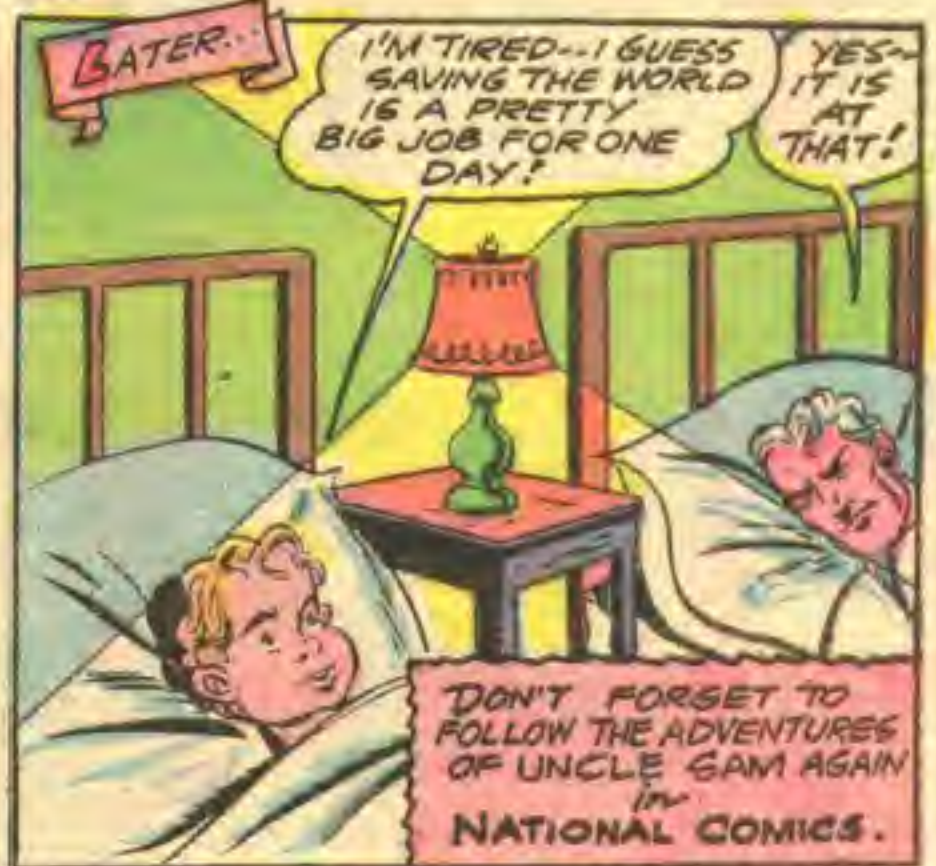














KID DIXON

By Bob Reynolds











The UNKNOWN

ON THE EVENING OF JUNE 7, 1940, DARKNESS FELL LIKE A FLAMING SHROUD OVER THE RAVAGED EARTH WHERE THE LEGIONS OF FRANCE WERE MAKING THEIR FINAL FUTILE STAND...



THEY WILL BE COMING AGAIN SOON! THOSE NAZIS ARE LIKE THE LOCUSTS!

WE'LL BE READY FOR THEM THIS TIME!... HAVE A CIGARETTE! IT'LL STEADY YOUR NERVES!





YOU'RE AN AMERICAN! YOUR COUNTRY ISN'T IN THIS WAR-- NOT YET! WHY ARE YOU FIGHTING HERE WITH US?

AMERICA WILL BE COMING INTO THIS WAR SOMEDAY! AND WE'LL WIN THIS FIGHT! WE'LL DRIVE THOSE NAZIS BACK WHERE THEY CAME FROM!... MEANWHILE, I'M GOING TO DO MY SHARE!



HERE THEY COME!

WHEN THEIR AMMUNITION GIVES OUT THE FRENCH SOLDIERS USE THEIR RIFLES AS CLUBS...



YOU WON'T GET BY ME, NAZI!



BUT THE ONE-SIDED BATTLE IS SOON OVER.

STUPID FOOLS! THEY FOUGHT TO THE LAST MAN!



THIS ONE STILL LIVES, HERR CAPTAIN!



WE CANNOT AFFORD TO FILL THE HOSPITAL WITH THE WOUNDED FRENCH... KILL HIM!



YOU DIRTY NAZI SWINE!



ONTO A DEFEATED LAND THE SOLDIER WANDERS... WITHOUT MEMORY. A MAN WHO DOES NOT KNOW HIS OWN NAME OR HIS FRIENDS, OR HIS COUNTRY. A MAN WHO IS IN TRUTH, UNKNOWN.



OUR SCENE SHIFTS... IT IS A GLORIOUS MOMENT IN A NATION'S HISTORY. IT IS DUNKIRK, WHERE THE BRITISH WROTE IN BLOOD AND COURAGE THE STORY OF THEIR FINEST HOUR!

VERDAMMTE! THOUSANDS OF BOATS-- FISHING BOATS-- ROWBOATS-- YACHTS... THEY ARE TAKING THE BRITISH ARMY AWAY UNDER OUR VERY EYES!

WHILE THE BRITISH HOLD FORT CHALONS THERE IS NOTHING WE CAN DO, HERR KOMMANDANT!



SOON IT WILL BE TOO LATE! THE BRITISH ARMY WILL HAVE ESCAPED!... WE MUST ATTACK AT ONCE!



ONWARD SWEEP THE NAZI LEGIONS... LIKE AN IRRESISTIBLE TIDAL WAVE THEY BREAK AGAINST THE WALLS OF FORT CHALONS!



THE NAZIS STORM THE FORT WALLS... VICTORY IS WITHIN THEIR GRASP...



AND THEN, INTO THE MIDST OF THE FALTERING BRITISH, SPRINGS A DYNAMIC FIGURE IN STRANGE FIGHTING GARB...

THE UNKNOWN!

RALLY AROUND ME!



INSPIRED BY HIS DARING LEADERSHIP,
THE BATTLE-WORN BRITISH FIGHT
BACK WITH COURAGE BORN OF
DESPERATION!

BACK WHERE
YOU CAME
FROM,
NAZI!

YOU'VE SAVED
MORE THAN THE
FORT! YOU'VE GIVEN
THE BRITISH ARMY
TIME TO EVACUATE
DUNKIRK!

FORT
CHALONS
IS
SAVED...
THE
COMMANDER
THANKS
THE
HERO
OF
THE
BATTLE-

WE'VE GOT
THEM ON
THE RUN!

OUR WORK
HERE IS DONE! WE'RE
GOING BACK TO ENGLAND!...
I'LL SEE THAT YOU GET
THE VICTORIA CROSS
FOR YOUR PART IN
THIS AFFAIR!

SORRY!
I'M NOT GOING
BACK TO
ENGLAND!

THE NAZIS HAVE WON
THE FIRST ROUND! BUT
THE WAR AGAINST THEM
WILL GO ON! I'M GOING
TO STAY HERE-- IN THE
MIDST OF THE
FIGHTING!

YOU HAVEN'T
EVEN TOLD ME
YOUR NAME!
SURELY THE PEOPLE
OUGHT TO KNOW
THAT!

A VOICE FLOATS BACK FROM THE SHADOWS...

I HAVE NO
NAME! IT MATTERS
NOT WHO I AM, OR
WHERE I CAME
FROM! I AM THE
UNKNOWN!

THE NAZIS TAKE OVER THE ABANDONED FORT....

THERE MAY BE SOME BRITISHERS STILL LURKING AROUND! SEARCH EVERYWHERE!

HERR KOMMANDANT!

DERE WAS SOMEONE IN DER STORE-ROOM! I-I THINK HE SET FIRE TO DER AMMUNITION!

WHAT!

HALTEN!

AT THIS MOMENT...

CAN'T STOP NOW! THAT STORE-HOUSE IS GOING UP ANY MINUTE!

PANIC-STRICKEN, THE NAZIS RUN TOWARD THE FORT-GATE...

HURRY! OPEN THE GATES!

TOO LATE -- THE AMMUNITION STOREHOUSE ERUPTS WITH A TREMENDOUS, EARTH SHAKING ROAR!

NEARBY A FIGURE STARES WITH COLD EYES AT THE HEAP OF SMOKING RUIN THAT ONCE WAS FORT CHALONS...

I HAVE FORGOTTEN MUCH... BUT I SHALL NEVER FORGET CRUELTY AND INJUSTICE! NEVER AS LONG AS I LIVE!

SO THEY WILL ALL PERISH! MY WORK AGAINST THESE TYRANTS HAS JUST BEGUN!

SO FAR AS IT CAN BE TOLD, THIS IS THE STORY. WE HAVE NOT REVEALED THE NAME OF THE HERO. WE DO NOT KNOW IT. TO US, AS TO HIM, AND THE WORLD THAT KNOWS HIM BY HIS DEEDS, HIS NAME IS... UNKNOWN!

POLICEWOMAN SALLY O'NEIL

by
AL BRYANT



VERY WELL THEN, IF YOU MUST...
READ ON... IN A PIER SHED, AT
THE WATERFRONT!



HERE IS A MURDER STORY
WITH A DIFFERENCE! WE
WON'T ASK YOU TO FIND THE
MURDERER FROM A LONG LIST OF
SUSPECTS! WE'LL TELL YOU WHO HE IS..
IN ADVANCE! HE'S A DEAD MAN! DEAD
AND BURIED IN HIS COFFIN! IMPOSSIBLE,
YOU SAY? EVEN NOW, HE MAY BE
WALKING THE STREETS, HIS COLD BREATH
MAY BE AT YOUR SHOULDER, HIS GHOSTLY
HANDS REACHING TO... BUT WAIT! YOU
STILL HAVE A CHANCE!... BUT IT INVOLVES
RISKS! YOU MUST FOLLOW SALLY O'NEIL
ON A HORROR TRAIL THAT LEADS TO THE
VERY BRINK OF THE GRAVE! YOU MUST
STEEL YOURSELF TO SOLVE THE RIDDLE
BEHIND THE WEIRD STORY OF THE
CORPSE THAT WALKED AWAY!
DO YOU HAVE THE NERVE? WE DARE YOU!







EATER AT THE PENGUIN CLUB









THEN EGAN HIT ON THE SCHEME OF USING JOHN BROWN'S COFFIN TO ESCAPE FROM ENGLAND... WITH THE DIAMONDS!... HE KILLED THE OTHERS BECAUSE THEY MIGHT HAVE TIED HIM IN WITH THE MURDER! AND HE TRIED TO KILL ME FOR THE SAME REASON!!

LATER, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS.

YOU CRACKED THIS CASE WIDE OPEN SALLY!

JOHN BROWN WAS DEAD AFTER ALL... EGAN MURDERED HIM! THEY WERE PARTNERS IN A DIAMOND SMUGGLING SCHEME... AND PROBABLY QUARRELED OVER THE SPOILS!



THAT WAS GREAT WORK, SALLY!

JUST COMMON SENSE!! IN SPITE OF THE EVIDENCE, I KNEW THERE COULDN'T BE A CORPSE THAT WALKED!



TOM MIX AND HIS COMMANDOS ARE ON A DANGEROUS MISSION, WHEN THEIR P.T. BOAT RAMS A JAPANESE SUBMARINE

TOM MIX COMICS BOOK FREE!

SEND NO MONEY JUST ONE BOX TOP



IS THIS THE END OF TOM MIX AND HIS COMMANDOS?

Trapped in a stricken submarine—choked by chlorine gas—they face certain death. Can some miracle save them? Read the breath-taking climax to this sensational story in the Tom Mix Comics Book.

EXTRA! EXTRA! EXTRA!

In addition to thrill packed Commando Comics, this big book contains four unusual full length feature comics—tells secrets every Tom Mix Commando should know. **HURRY! MAIL COUPON FOR YOUR FREE COPY TODAY.**



You Serve Uncle Sam When You Serve These Ralston Whole Grain Cereals

THEY'RE THE KIND OF CEREALS THAT ARE BRINGING WARMTH AND VIGOR TO OUR FIGHTING MEN

THEY'RE HELPING WAR WORKERS FIGHT FATIGUE (they're extra rich in vitamin B-1)

THEY'RE GIVING YOUNG AMERICA COWBOY ENERGY

INSTANT RALSTON

... An amazing new hot whole wheat cereal that needs no cooking. Just stir into boiling water or milk and serve. A delicious warm-up build-up breakfast for all the family. Brimful of energy.

RALSTON WHOLE WHEAT CEREAL

a family favorite for over 40 years. Cooks in 5 minutes.

Uncle Sam says "eat whole grain cereals" and both Instant Ralston and Ralston are whole grain. Both are whole wheat, extra rich in vitamin B. Take your choice.



MAIL THIS COUPON

TOM MIX, 10 Checkerboard Square, St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Tom:

I enclose one Ralston or Instant Ralston box top. Please send me your big Commandos Comic Book free!

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

IMPORTANT: If you have no coupon you can get the Tom Mix COMMANDOS COMICS Book anyway. Simply send one Ralston or Instant Ralston box top with your name and address to 10 Checkerboard Square, St. Louis, Mo. This offer expires January 1, 1943.

Windy

Breeze



G-2

CASE #3
The
MURDER
GUN

by
RUBIMOR



A SHOT... AND A
LIFE ENDS...

Capt. DON LEASH
OF THE ARMY INTELL-
IGENCE, BECOMES THE
DREADED G-2 WHO
RELENTLESSLY TRACKS
DOWN THOSE WHO
WOULD DARE
THREATEN THE
UNITED STATES!

I HAVE KILLED
BEFORE... I AM A
MURDER GUN...!

WHAT IS A GUN? A THING OF COLD METAL,
A BLUE-HARD INSTRUMENT OF MURDER.
YES... BUT IT IS MORE THAN THAT. A GUN IS THE
END OF LIFE, AND THE BEGINNING OF ETERNITY.
A GUN IS THE BLASTED HOPES AND AMBITIONS
AND LOVES OF MEN WHO MET THEIR DOOM AT THE
MOUTH OF... A GUN!... THIS IS THE STORY OF A
GUN THAT KILLED, AND THE RECKLESS BRAVERY
OF ONE MAN, G-2, WHO RISKED HIS OWN LIFE
TO SNATCH OTHERS FROM THE DEATH-DEALING
MIZZLE OF THE MURDER GUN!!!



MANY YEARS AGO I WAS WELDED IN A FURNACE THAT BURNED WITH NO EARTHLY HEAT.. I WAS FORMED UNTIL I WAS READY...

AND FROM THE BLOOD OF MURDER'S PAST, THE SPIRIT OF MURDER WAS GIVEN ME.. UNTIL IT SOAKED INTO THE HOT AND STEAMING METAL THAT WAS MY BODY...



THEN I RECEIVED THE COMMAND.. "KILL"



I STARTED OUT IN THE HANDS OF AN ENEMY OF THE UNITED STATES, AND KILLED MY FIRST MAN WHEN I WAS BUT A FEW DAYS OLD....

AHH! THIS IS WHAT I WANT!

LT. PERKINS IS DEAD.. AND I AM GOING TO TAKE HIS PLACE. THEY WON'T FIND OUT THE TRUTH UNTIL IT'S TOO LATE.. AND THEN THEY'LL BLAME A DEAD MAN !!

HE'S GONE. HE THINKS HE IS FINISHED WITH MURDER, BUT I AM GOING WITH HIM... AND MY APPETITE FOR MURDER CAN NEVER END. SO LONG AS I STAY WITH HIM, HE WILL KILL AND KILL AGAIN...





THE FALSE LIEUT. PERKINS STARTS SABOTAGING THE SUB ...



IN THE CAPTAIN'S ROOM...

THAT SOUNDED
LIKE A SHOT!
CAPT. LEASH!

IT CAME
FROM THE
CONNING
TOWER!



SO THAT'S IT!
YOU'RE TRYING TO
SCUTTLE THE SHIP
AND THEN ESCAPE
IN THAT LUNG !!!

QUICKLY DON LEASH
MAKES HIS WAY TO
THE CONNING TOWER!

YOU'LL
NEVER LIVE
TO TELL!



THE SEA WATER SEEPS
THROUGH TO THE DYNAMO
AND THE LIGHTS IN
THE SUB GO OUT...
BUT IN THE DARKNESS
DON LEASH BECOMES
G-2!



WHEN THE EMERGENCY
BATTERIES TAKE UP THE
LOAD AND THE LIGHTS
BLINK ON...

YOUR TRICK
WON'T WORK,
NAZI!

SOCK!



NOT EVEN G-2 CAN OUTMATCH
BLASTING LEAD... A BULLET
STRIKES WITH PILE-DRIVING
FORCE...

OOOHH!

THIS IS
YOUR
FINISH!



FOR ONCE THE MURDER GUN
FAILS... MINUTES LATER, G-2
DRAGS HIMSELF ERECT...



BUT DEATH HAS NOT BEEN CHEATED... G-2 IS
LOCKED IN THE TOWER ROOM WITH
THE SEA WATER RISING STEADILY
AROUND HIM...

I MUST STOP HIM!..
BUT HOW?.. LOOKS
LIKE I'M DONE FOR!



THUMP!
THUMP!



WEARILY G-2 FORCES HIS BULLET-SHOCKED BODY INTO ACTION.. CLOSING THE OPENED VALVE!



AND THEN TRIES THE INTRA-SHIP PHONE...

..CALLING CONTROL ROOM
...OPEN SWITCH ON BULKHEAD TO TOWER ROOM ...



OVER AND OVER G-2 REPEATS THE ORDER HOPING AGAINST HOPE THAT HIS MESSAGE WILL GET THROUGH...

AND IN THE CONTROL ROOM

SOME GUY MUST HAVE LOCKED HIMSELF IN THE TOWER ROOM..OPEN THE SWITCH!

OKAY!



BUT THE MURDERER REACHES THE CONTROL ROOM AT THAT INSTANT....

GET AWAY FROM THAT SWITCH!

WHAT..? OOH..



WHY YOU DIRTY...! UGH!!



FOOLS!! STUPID FOOLS!!



BUT ONE OF THE DYING SAILORS MANAGES TO THROW THE SWITCH!



SECONDS LATER
G-2 IS FREE...

ONLY ONE PLACE THAT NAZI SPY COULD HAVE GONE! THAT'S THE TORPEDO ROOM! HE'S TRYING TO SHOOT HIMSELF TO THE SURFACE THROUGH THE TUBES!!



AT
THAT
INSTANT



A NAZI DESTROYER
COMES INTO VIEW...

A TERRIBLE CRASH...
AND THE SUB HELLS
OVER!

WE'RE
BEING
ATTACKED!



FIRE
NUMBER
FOUR
TORPEDO!

THE AMERICAN SUB
COMMANDER QUICKLY GIVES
HIS ORDERS, BUT IS IN-
TERRUPTED BY THE
MURDERER!

NAZI DESTROYER
OFF PORT SIDE,
NUMBER THREE
TORPEDO ROOM
STAND BY!

DON'T GIVE
THE
ORDER!
I'LL
FIRE!



THE BRAVE COMMANDER
CONTINUES GIVING THE ORDER
THAT MEANS HIS DEATH...

FIRE NUMBER
THREE TORPEDO!..
NUMBER FOUR
TORPEDO ROOM..
STAND READY!

YOU
ASKED
FOR IT,
CAPTAIN!



IDIOTS!! WHY
DO YOU
RESIST ??
MUST I KILL
YOU ALL?



BUT G-2 IS AGAIN TO BE RECKONED WITH...

YOU...YOU'RE DEAD!!

YOU'VE KILLED YOUR LAST MAN!

WEAKENED FROM LOSS OF BLOOD... G-2 IS CAUGHT BY A VICIOUS BLOW!

WHILE IN THE TORPEDO ROOM...

THE MURDERER RETURNS...

THAT LAST TORPEDO CRIPPLED HER! THIS WILL FINISH THAT NAZI SHIP FOR GOOD

GET AWAY FROM THAT TUBE!

LET 'ER GO!

AGHH!

YOU KILLED MY PAL!

BANG!

...AND YOU TOO!



UNNOTICED A TORPEDO
SLIDES OUT OF THE RACK...



...AND COMES DOWN ON
THE MURDERER LIKE
A JUGGERNAUT OF
DOOM...



MISSED
ME!

G-2 RETURNS
TO THE ATTACK...

I WON'T
MISS!

LET ME
OUT! THAT
TORPEDO
WILL KILL
US ALL!!



AS THE DEADLY TORPEDO
BEGINS A CRASHING JOURNEY
BACK ACROSS THE
SWAYING FLOOR...

I WON'T STAY
HERE TO DIE!



THE MURDERER LASHES OUT
DESPERATELY...



NOW I'LL
FINISH
YOU!!

G-2 USES AN OLD JUDO
TRICK!!

HAPPY
LANDINGS!



AND THE MURDERER
IS THROWN DIRECTLY
INTO THE PATH OF TWO
TONS OF CRASHING
METAL!!

AAGH!



G-2 WORKS DESPERATELY TO REMOVE THE TERRIBLE WEIGHT OF THE TORPEDO...

NO USE... I'M FINISHED!



THANKS FOR TRYING TO HELP!... I... I GUESS I HAD THIS COMING! I... I'M GOING TO TAKE THE EASY WAY OUT!



THE MURDER GUN CLAIMS ITS LAST VICTIM...

HE KILLED HIMSELF. PERHAPS ITS BETTER THIS WAY!



LATER, A MASS BURIAL IS HELD AT SEA...

THEY DIDN'T DIE IN VAIN! NOW THAT WE KNOW HOW THOSE SUBMARINES WERE SUNK, WE KNOW HOW TO GUARD AGAINST FUTURE DISASTERS!



THIS GUN KILLED THEM ALL! I'LL GIVE IT BACK TO THE SEA! IT WILL NEVER KILL ANY-ONE AGAIN!!



BUT ALL GUNS ARE MURDER GUNS IN THE HANDS OF THE WRONG PEOPLE!



SOMETIME LATER IN GERMANY

SCHMIDT WILL GIVE THOSE PAPERS TO THE FUHRER TOMORROW! HE MUST DIE... TONIGHT!



A shot...and a life ends...



I AM A MURDER GUN... WHILE THERE IS MURDER IN THE HEARTS OF MEN... I SHALL NEVER DIE!



WHAT IS A GUN?? A THING OF COLD METAL... A BLUE-HARD INSTRUMENT OF MURDER...



Yes... BUT IT IS MORE THAN THAT!

CYCLONE CUPID

HE AIN'T STUPID!

THAT'S MY HOUSE MONEY, YOU BRUTE!

OUCH! TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF OF ME!

GOSH! ANOTHER FAMILY ROW! I'LL END THIS, FAST!



WE MEN HAVE GOT TO STICK TOGETHER! I'LL SHOOT A LOVE ARROW AT -- HER!



RIGHT THROUGH THE WINDOW!

ZING!



OUCH!

THUD!



AS THE ARROW TAKES EFFECT...

OH, DARLING! - I'M SORRY I ACTED THAT WAY!

HUH?



I SIMPLY ADORE YOU - YOU ANGEL!

I'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND WOMEN! - CAN I GO OUT NOW?



OF COURSE YOU MAY, MY PET!



WELL! I SEE THAT YOU GOT OUT ALL RIGHT!

YEP!



BUT SHE NEARLY GOT IT BACK!

QUICKSILVER

YOU CROOKS
HAVE REACHED A
NEW LOW - ROBBING
PEOPLE DURING
BLACKOUTS!



COMBINING THE WHIRLING SPEED OF THE ACROBAT AND THE ELUSIVENESS OF MERCURY, QUICKSILVER, PROTECTS THE LIVES AND PROPERTY OF THE PEOPLE ON THE HOME FRONT AGAINST THE RISING TIDE OF CRIME AND EVIL... ASSISTED ONLY BY HIS FAITHFUL YOUNG CHINESE FRIEND, HOO MEE, THEY HAVE BUILT A SECRET HEADQUARTERS DEEP UNDER THE WOODED VASTNESS OF OAKWOOD PARK...

HOO MEE! I'M GOING
TO TOWN TO PICK UP SOME
CHEMICALS FOR A NEW IDEA I'M
WORKING ON...KEEP AN EYE ON
THE LAB FOR ME!

YESSIR,
WILL DO!



EMINENT QUICKSILVER
ALWAYS CALCULATING NEW WAYS
TO FIGHT MISERABLE
CROOKS!





LET'S SEE WHAT THIS MAKES!

OOPS!



SOMETIME LATER QUICKSILVER RETURNS AND FINDS HOO MEE GONE!



MEANWHILE HOO MEE WANDERS THROUGH THE CITY STREETS.



MEANWHILE A COUPLE TIN HORN CHISLERS HAVE GONE INTO THE EYE-GLASS BUSINESS.

THIS RACKET'S A CINCH. ALL YOU GOTTA DO IS TELL THE SUCKERS THEY'VE GOT BAD EYES AND THEN SELL 'EM A PAIR OF TEN CENT SUN GLASSES FOR TEN BUCKS!

IT WON'T WOIK!

(PUFF, PUFF!) AM LOOKING FOR RELIABLE EYE DOCTOR QUICKSY PRONTO!

A SUCKER SO SOON!

I AM THE DOCTOR!

IT WON'T WOIK!



MY MAN.. I AM K. WELLINGTON LENZ. B.V.D., I.R.T. AND O.P.M. H'MM.. YER OPTICS ARE PRACTICALLY HOPELESS! TRY THESE GLASSES!

SORRY TO BEING HARD TO PLEASE BUT I STILL SEE THROUGH THINGS!

I TOLD YA IT WON'T WOIK!

SHUT UP!

SEE THROUGH THINGS! CAN YOU SEE THROUGH STEEL... LIKE STEEL VAULTS!

YES, SIR - EVERYTHING!



HAPPY, WE'RE GOING OUTA THE EYE BUSINESS.. HANG UP THIS SIGN!

IT WON'T WOIK!

JUST WEAR THOSE GLASSES... IF YOUR EYES GET WORSE YOU CAN ALWAYS SELL PENCILS. MEANWHILE WE'RE MAKING YOU VICE PRESIDENT OF OUR NEW COMPANY!

DON'TCHA GET IT, HAPPY? WHILE WE TURN THE DIAL HE CAN SEE RIGHT INTO THE SAFE AND TELL US IF THE TUMBLER FALLS INTO PLACE.. WHY THIS BEATS BLOWIN'EM UP.. IT'S A CINCH.. WE'LL CRACK THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK TONIGHT!

IT WON'T WOIK!



THAT NIGHT HOO MEE IS FORCED AT GUN POINT TO WORK ON A SAFE WITH HIS NEW "BOSSSES"

UNDER THE CHINESE BOY'S EXPERT INSTRUCTIONS, THE DOOR EASILY OPENS!

BUT BACK AT THEIR HIDEOUT AN ANGRY GANGSTER AND HIS MOLL AWAIT THEM!



TWO LEFT.. ONE RIGHT.. SIX LEFT.. THE TUMBLERS ARE FALLING INTO PLACE!



IT'S A CINCH- WE'LL CLEAN UP!

IT WON'T WOIK!



W-WHY IT'S BOSS BANNON AN' BUBBLES BELEV!

YEAH..WHAT'S THE IDEA MUSCIN'IN ON MY TERRITORY?

BUMP HIM OFF, HONEY!

(GULP) NOW WAIT A MINUTE! DON'T GET SORE-LOOK! THAT KID CAN SEE RIGHT INTO A STEEL VAULT. HE'S GOT X-RAY EYES! I'LL SELL YA A PIECE OF HIM FOR A GRAND! I'M YER PAL!

SAY, THAT AIN'T BAD! I'LL USE HIM TOMORROW NIGHT IN THE PRACTICE BLACKOUT-BUST OPEN THE NEW BANK!

IN THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK QUICKSILVER, SEARCHING FOR HOO MEE, COMES UPON A CLUE.

HMM..THE CROOKS DIDN'T USE ANY TOOLS..MUST BE THE GANG THAT KIDNAPPED HOO MEE! BECAUSE THEY'RE USING MY X-RAY IN SOME WAY, I'LL HAVE A LOOK AT THE NEW BANK!

AT THE NEW BANK

IF I KNOW CROOKS THOSE MUGGS WILL TRY THIS BANK TONIGHT-AND I'LL BE WAITING FOR THEM. MY OXYGEN CAPSULES WILL SUPPLY ME WITH ENOUGH AIR FOR HOURS!



LATER THAT NIGHT-IN THE BANK..

C'MON KID, GET TO WORK! TWIRL THE DIALS LOOEY.. THE KID'LL TELL YA WHEN YA HIT THE RIGHT COMBINATION!



BUT AS HOO MEE LOOKS INTO THE VAULT..



GOLLIES! IF THEY OPEN IT AND SEE HIM THEY'LL SHOOT HIM! I MUST SAVE QUICKSILLEE!



I REFUSE TO DO IT..N'NO MATTER WHAT-EVEN IF YOU SHOOT ME!





SHOOTIN'S TOO GOOD FOR YOU, PUNK!

OW! MY EYES!

C'MON I WANNA GET MY HANDS ON LENZ. SELL ME A PHONEY, WILL HE?

AFTER THEY LEAVE HOO MEE RISES WEAKLY!

GONE! NOW'S MY CHANCE TO RELEASE QUICKSILVER. I'LL OPEN THE SAFE MYSELF - GEE GOLLIES! I CAN'T SEE THROUGH THINGS NO MORE! EVERYTHING IS BLACK'N WHITE!



I'LL HAVE TO GO AND GET SOME DYNAMITE TO BLOW IT OPEN!

WONDER WHAT'S KEEPING THOSE YEGGS? I HOPE NOTHING HAS HAPPENED TO HOO MEE!

WHILE HOO MEE IS GONE AFTER THE DYNAMITE, BOSS BANNON RETURNS WITH LENZ AND HAPPY!



THE KID'S GONE!

O.K! THEN YOU'RE GOING TO OPEN IT YOURSELF!

IT WON'T WOIK!

AH, IT'S OPEN - QUICKSILVER!



SURPRISE!

SECONDS LATER HOO MEE RETURNS!



OOH! QUICKSILVER SMASHEE CROOKS!



WHY HELLO, HOO MEE! THANK GOODNESS YOU'RE SAFE! WHAT HAPPENED?

I GOT X-RAY EYES SO THEY MAKEE ME OPEN SAFES, BUT NOW I'M JUST COLOR BLIND!



OH ?? WELL I'LL FIX THAT! NOW THIS'LL HURT A LITTLE!



CAN TAKE!



WHEE! I'M OKESIE DOKESIE AGAIN! AND I'M CURED OF LOOKING INTO TEST TUBES ALSO!



GOOD! NOW LET'S GET AWAY FROM HERE. THE POLICE WILL TAKE THOSE MUGS TO THE COOLER!

TORPEDOED!

THE night was dark. Only a few star sequins glinted icily on the sable gown of the skies. There would be two more hours until moonrise, and Lance Galen, skipper of the freighter *S. S. Trona*, hoped to be out of the sub zone by then.

He ~~had~~ to be out of it. On board were thirty-eight bombers for the Allied Nations, and several thousand tons of essential war materials.

It was Captain Galen's third crossing. Both times before nothing had happened, and Lance had come to the conclusion that things were not half so bad as they were painted by the press.

"Torpedo—port astern!" The cry knifed through the quiet of the night, emanating from the lookout high in the crow's nest.

The subdued wail of the warning siren followed quickly; then the crisp words of the First Mate cut through the announcers.

"To battle stations! All hands on deck!"

Captain Lance Galen felt a cold sensation creep down his spine. This was his first contact with the horrors of war. To be torpedoed in mid-ocean! He snapped into action. The gun crews were at their weapons, tense, awaiting orders.

Those on the port side of the ship could make out the white frothy wake of the torpedo now, not two hundred yards off. It must have been fired from a great distance. Nor had the sound pick-up registered the presence of a submarine. Of course, the undersea boat might have been lying with engines out for some time.

Lance barked orders into the engine room tube. He spun the wheel, trying to turn the big ship out of the path of the ap-

proaching metal monster. Slowly the *Trona* responded. Would it never turn! The torpedo was close now. You could hear the sharp hiss as it cut through the water.

There! She had turned, with her stern facing the torpedo, and the deadly tube shot past only a few feet from the stern, to plunge on into the darkness.

Lance wiped cold sweat from his brow. He knew the fireworks were not over. Soon that sub would surface and begin shelling. They would have to be prepared for it. The gun crews stood expectantly. Then, like a giant whale, the sub broke water three hundred yards off. Her engines roared, and she came closer. The *Trona*, under full power, was making tracks from the vicinity, showing no lights.

There was no warning from the sub. Just a burst of flame from its heavy deck gun. The shell whistled high over the *Trona's* decks. Simultaneously, five guns on her deck crashed, all aimed at the flash. Not a hit!

Again the sub hurled a shell. This time it was so low it cut several guy wires just aft the bow. The severed wires lashed down across the deck, with a whistling sound, barely missing a group of sailors huddled in the shadows of the fore'd hatch.

Instantly the guns answered. This time there was a terrific explosion out in the darkness, and the gunners knew they had made a hit. Someone cheered. But this was too early to cheer. Sometimes the Germans used a trick to mislead their victims.

But no. It was no trick. With a gurgling sound the sub went down.

"I think she was hit, all right," said Chief Mate Pat Belden to

Lance. "She certainly submerged."

"We'd better have a look though," Lance replied.

They cruised over the spot where the sub had gone down for several minutes, but found no oily surface. That didn't mean, conclusively, that the sub had not been badly damaged.

Lance stood on the bridge and watched the moon slide up out of the east. The sea was smooth and calm, looking very much like a huge pot of mercury. The silvery wake reached far back behind the ship, a pennant waving in the moonlight. It was all serene and very secure appearing, but Lance felt no security. On the contrary, intuition told him, that a sinister menace hovered there in the witching night. They were not quite out of the sub zone, Lance was worried.

It wasn't for himself that he worried; it was for the precious cargo in the holds. Bombers and ammunition and canned foods for the Allies. He thought with a shudder of the waste and disaster one torpedo could cause. He thought of all the valuable cargoes lying on the muddy bottom of the Atlantic; of the lost lives. He wished they were across, out of this menacing region of undersea wolves.

It was at that moment the lookout shouted, "Sub!"

Lance saw it almost at the same time. It rose out of the sea, a glistening monster, a half mile off. In the moonlight it was easy to see the conning tower cover flip open and the ant-like men tumbling from the interior. Was this the same sub that had attacked them little more than an hour ago? Somehow, Lance doubted it.

They would open fire pretty soon, and with the moonlight turning the night into almost

day, the Trona would be an easy target. He barked orders into the tube and swung the wheel.

As the ship began turning slowly, Lance thought of an idea that almost stunned him for the moment. He shouted into the tube and Chief Mate Belden came running up.

"Take over, Pat," said Lance. "I'm going to do something."

Lance bounded down the companion to the radio quarters.

"Hi Skipper!" said Sparks, grinning. "Looks like we're in for it again, huh?"

Lance scribbled a note and shoved it down on Sparks' table.

"Send that immediately," he snapped. "Repeat it every three minutes. Hurry, Sparks!"

Sparks read the note and looked at Lance with a strange expression, as if he thought his skipper had suddenly gone wacky.

"Start sending!" shouted Lance. Then he rushed out of the radio room and down another companion way. By the time he returned to the bridge, a strange thing had happened. Every light on the Trona was ablaze, making her look like a Mazda display. A groan went up from the crew as the lights came on. What fool stunt was the electrician pulling? They were a lead pipe cinch for a burst from the sub's guns now. . . .

Lance said nothing as he took the wheel. But a look passed between him and Pat Belden that was unmistakable: Pat thought he was nuts.

The sub went down quickly after that, leaving a mystery on board the Trona that quite upset the night. What had happened? Why hadn't the enemy fired upon them?

The morning of the third day broke gray and foggy. They were approximately three hundred miles off the coast of England, in fairly safe water, if such a thing existed. They were proceeding cautiously, without using the warning horn, hoping they met nothing in that vast

sea of murk. Many collisions have occurred since the beginning of sea warfare, because ships dare not use their warning signals because of tipping off their positions.

The fog became thicker. The Trona slid through the murk like a ghost, the low throbbing of its engines hardly audible. Lance Galen stood at the wheel, silent and unafraid. What he had done, a daring enough thing in itself, would assure the Trona immunity—unless there was a slip-up somewhere. If that happened—

The fog held for another four hours, and everyone on board was strained to the breaking point. Fog does strange things to men at sea, especially when the usual hazards are a hundred-fold. But when it eventually lifted, the sun was shining on a calm sea and some of the tension relaxed.

They were due in port late that night. It would be a happy moment to everyone when they slipped into the harbor with their precious cargo and could draw a safe breath again.

Then the return to America. Dangerous, but the enemy didn't bother so much with vessels bound for the U. S. A. They were primarily interested in intercepting ships filled with war materials.

Shortly after nightfall, while still more than a hundred miles from their destination, the siren wailed, announcing the dread presence of a submarine. Instantly the decks cleared for action, men ran for their guns, and the Trona prepared for a life or death struggle.

Was that deadly missile already on its way to blast the ship?

The engines were cut to their slowest speed, thus reducing the sound that would be picked up by the sub. The Trona slipped almost silently. Lance pondered just what to do. Maybe they could outwit the submarine. Maybe they could sneak away. . . .

But no. There wasn't a chance

of that. The lurking undersea boat would keep on their tail and when the proper time arrived, or when an Axis destroyer hurried for the kill, they would board the Trona and confiscate the cargo. That was the one thing Lance would never allow. He would sink the ship first.

Thinking thus, he made two calls over the ship's phone. One to the electrician, the other to Sparks in the radio room. A few seconds later the Trona was ablaze with light, and Sparks was banging out the same message he had sent not so long before. The sub surfaced a half mile off, seemed to hesitate for a few minutes as if studying the situation, then sped away in the darkness.

They had come off without a brush with the enemy!

How? What had Lance Galen done to outwit the sub commander? Those questions were shot at him when they made port a few hours later.

Lance grinned. "Well, it was like this," he said. "I really didn't think it would work, but it did. That's why we are here. I didn't think it would work again, however." He turned to the radio operator. "Show them the message we sent, Sparks," he said.

The radio man held out a yellow slip of paper. On it were these words:

ATTENTION S S TRONA
CARGO COAL TAR FIVE
OFFICIALS GERMAN BUND
ABOARD.

"Well, I'll be hornswoggled!" cried an old captain. "They thought you had five Fritzies aboard, and wouldn't fire on you, eh? Clever trick, Galen. Mighty clever!"

Lance Galen, happy over the success of their trip, wondered just what happen when next they crossed the Atlantic with a cargo. Certainly they would not be able to pull the same stunt again. But he'd work out another one.

Miss Winky

The All-American Girl

by ARTHUR GEHMAN

GEE, IT'S GETTING LATE - I'VE GOT TO BE STARTING FOR HOME!



'BYE KIDS - SEE YOU ALL NEXT WEEK!



A WINTER NIGHT IS CERTAINLY A BEAUTIFUL THING--



OH MY GOODNESS! I THINK I SEE A LIGHT FLICKERING IN MY HOUSE!!



IT WOULD BE JUST LIKE SOME CROOK TO BREAK IN WHILE I'M AWAY!



I'M SURE GLAD GRANDAD GAVE ME THIS OLD PISTOL ONCE!



I SEE YOU! PUT YOUR HANDS UP OR I'LL FIRE!



HELP! POLICE!! ROBBER - BURGLAR!

BANG
BANG
BANG



BY GOLLY - IT SOUNDS LIKE A RIOT GOING ON!



NEVER MIND, OFFICER! THE HEAD I SAW OUTLINED AGAINST THE WINDOW WAS ONLY A HAT OF MINE ATOP THE HALL TREE - GOSH, WHAT A NARROW ESCAPE FOR ME!!



WHY?

SAY - WHAT IF THE HAT HAD BEEN ON MY HEAD WHEN I SHOT AT IT?



KID Patrol



PLEASE GIVE ME A DEFENSE BOND FOR THESE WAR SAVING STAMPS.

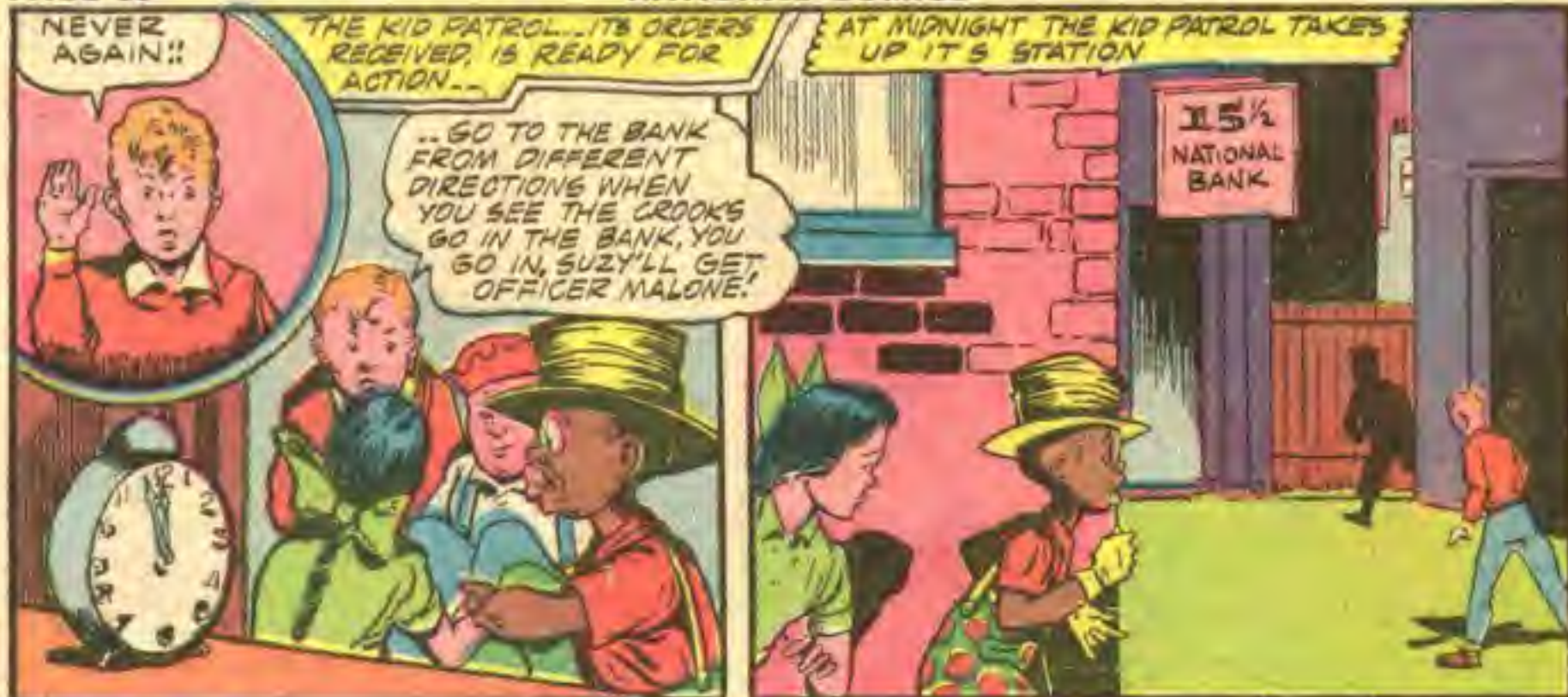
GLADLY YOUNG MAN, IN WHOSE NAME WILL I MAKE IT OUT?

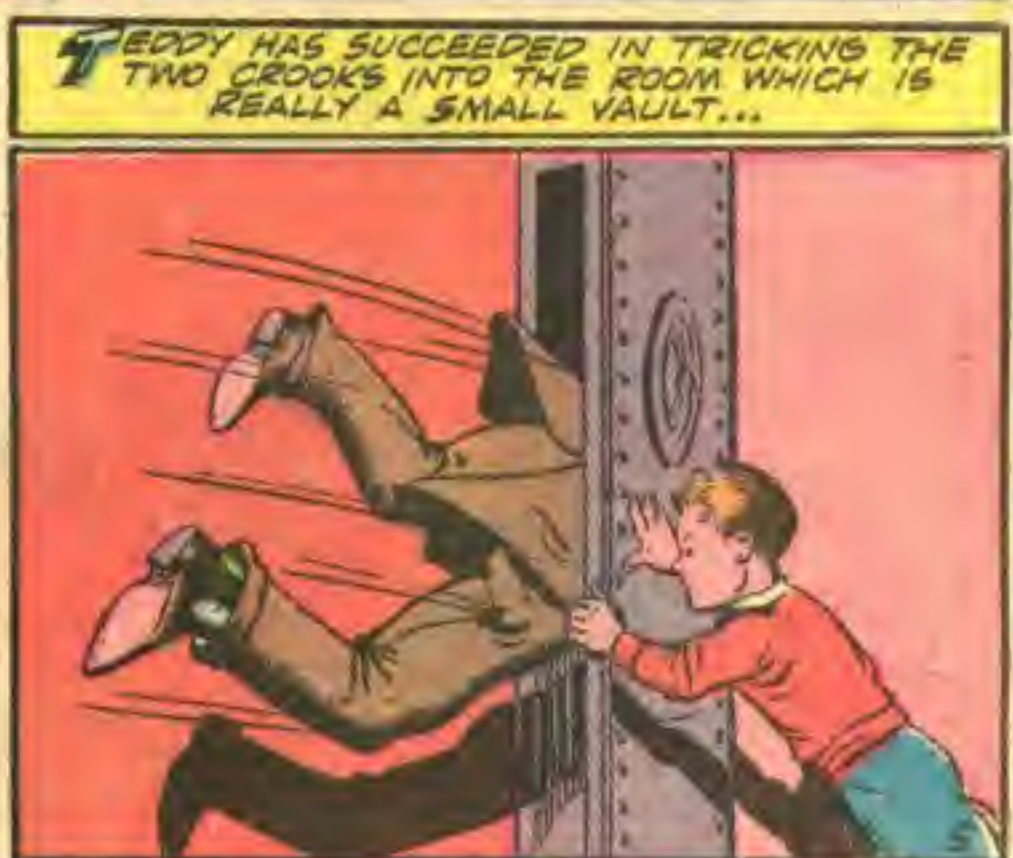
IN THE NAME OF THE KID PATROL KLUB, SIR

MMM!! AIN'T DAT SOMETHIN'











THE PARENTS OF THE KIDS HAVE NO SENSE OF HUMOR. THEY DON'T SEE ANYTHING FUNNY IN THEIR KIDS BEING OUT AFTER MIDNIGHT---



DESTROYER



"URGENT" DESTROYER 171 PROCEED AT ONCE TO THE PORT OF NERGOVITSK... STAND BY TO SUPPORT LAND FORCES ENGAGED IN DEFENDING PORT... NERGOVITSK MUST BE HELD AT ANY COST! THAT IS THE ORDER THAT TRAVELS OVER THE RADIO TO THE U.S.S. PAWNEE, ON CONVOY DUTY GUARDING THE SUPPLY ROUTE TO RUSSIA! AND DESTROYER 171 MATCHES HER GUNS AGAINST THE MIGHTY NAZI ARTILLERY WHICH HURLS DEVASTATION AND DEATH AT A MORTALLY WOUNDED CITY....

AS EVENING DRAWS ON, THE PAWNEE'S SKIPPER, LIEUT. COMMANDER LAKE IS ON THE BRIDGE WITH THE FIRST OFFICER...



WE'LL HEAR THE GUNS BEFORE THAT, SIR!

YES...WE'LL HEAR THE GUNS! THIS IS THE FOURTEENTH DAY OF SIEGE! DON'T SEE HOW THOSE RUSSIANS ARE HOLDING ON!



AT
LAST
THE
U.S.S.
PAWNEE
ENTERS
THE
HARBOR
OF
NERGOVITSK.



CAND A HARBOR PATROL CRAFT PULLS
OUT TO MEET THEM...

NAME OF
VESSEL,
PLEASE?

U.S.S. PAWNEE! WE'VE
GOT ORDERS TO STAND BY
AND HELP YOU OUT!
COME ABOARD, IF YOU
LIKE!



BRR! THE NIGHTS ARE COLD
UP IN THESE REGIONS!

WE DO NOT MIND THE
WINTER, THE ICE GETS
IN THE TREADS OF
NAZI TANKS!



I HAVE GOOD
NEWS!... THE
NAZIS APPEAR TO BE
WITHDRAWING FROM
THE CITY! IT MAY
BE THAT THE
SIEGE IS
BROKEN!



GOOD! I'LL REPORT BACK! WE'LL
STAY UNTIL FURTHER ORDERS!

YOU MIGHT FIRE A FEW
ROUNDS INTO THE GERMAN
OUTER RING! KEEP
YOUR GUNS AT
MAXIMUM
STRENGTH!

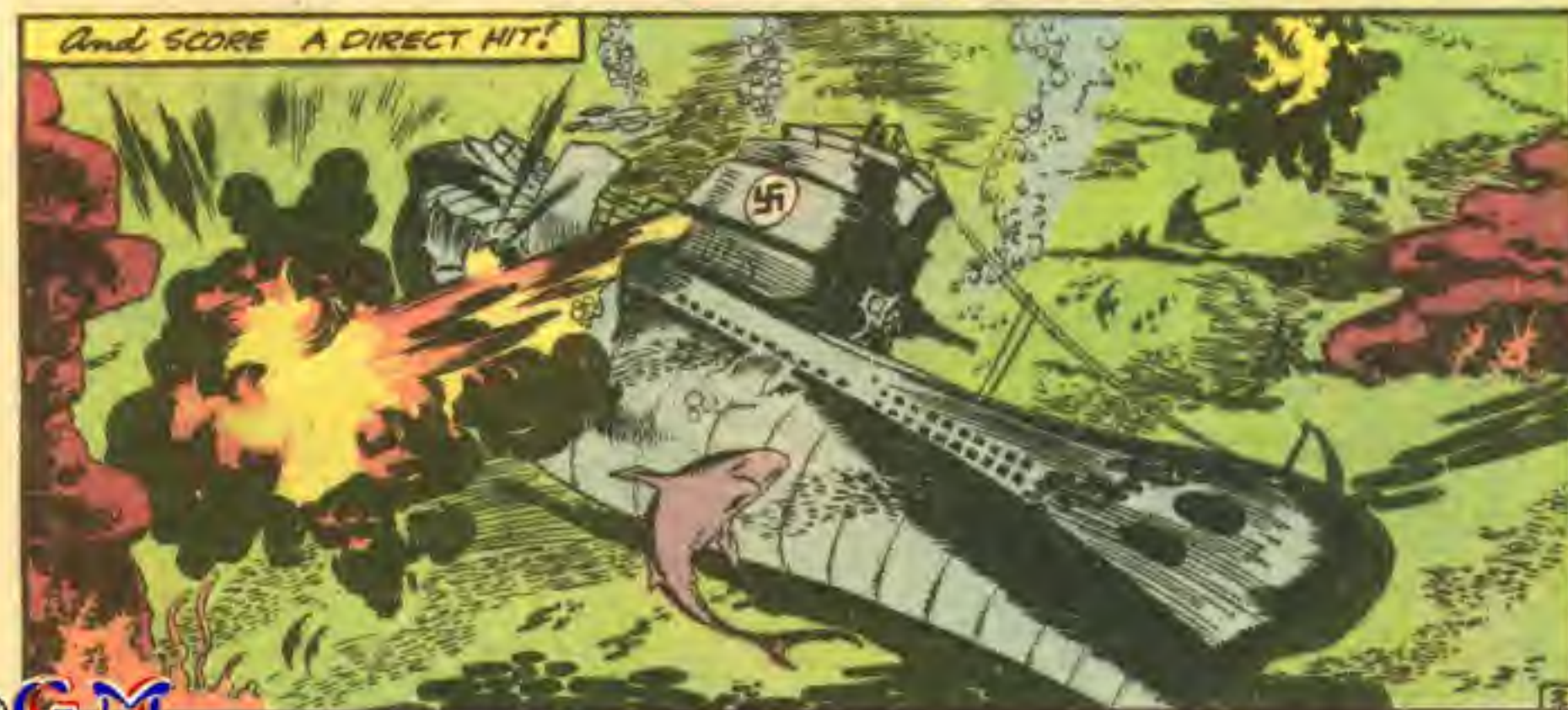


IN RESPONSE TO THE SUGGESTION,
THE U.S.S. PAWNEE OPENS
FIRE WITH STERN GUN...



AND MILES AWAY THE
EXPLOSIONS WREAK HAVOC
AMONG THE NAZI TANKS!





BUT THE DANGER IS NOT AVERTED...

HYDROPHONES PICKING UP SOUND OF OTHER SUBS - A WHOLE FLOTILLA OF THEM, SIR!

THAT EXPLAINS WHY THE NAZIS ARE WITHDRAWING THEIR LAND FORCES! THEY'RE ATTEMPTING AN INVASION BY SEA!

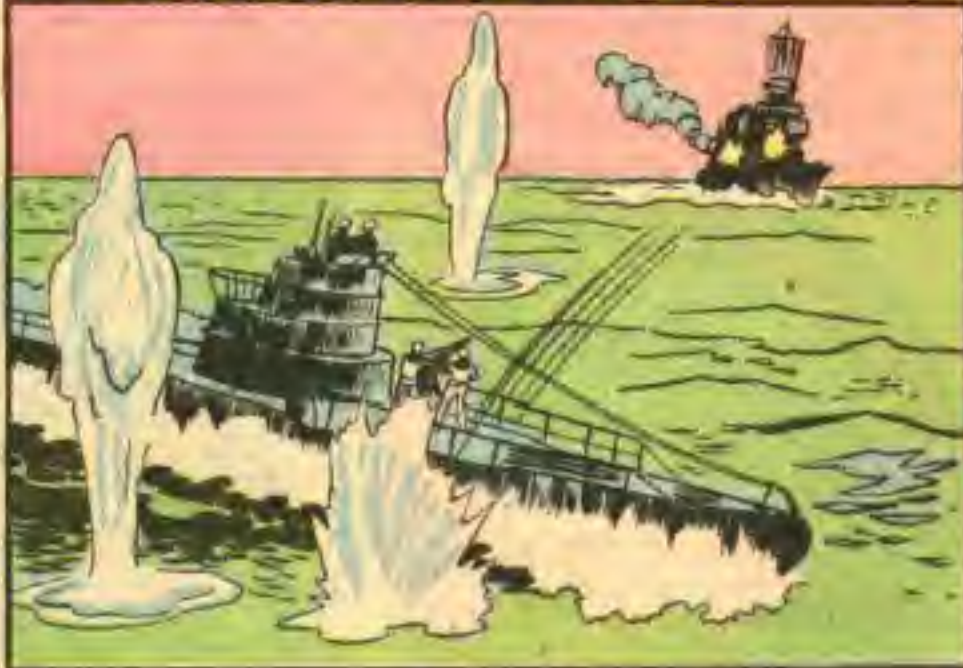
RADIO THE OTHER FLEET UNITS! WE'VE GOT TO STOP THEM! TELL THE GUNNERS TO STAND BY THEIR POSTS!

VERY GOOD, SIR!



THE DESTROYERS GUNS OPEN UP A CONTINUOUS BARRAGE OF FIRE...

HERE THEY COME! OUR BOYS WILL TAKE GOOD CARE OF THEM!



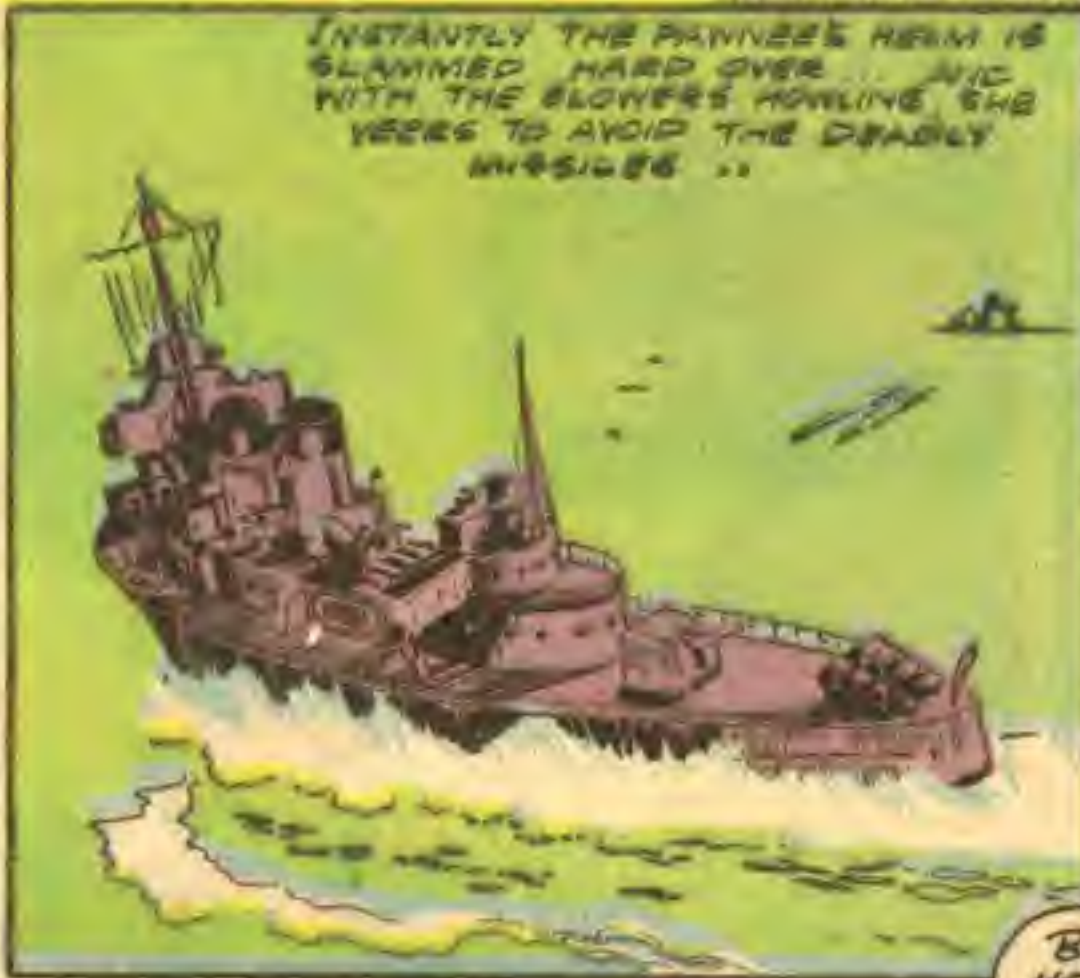
TWIN TORPEDOES CUT A WHITE ARROW OF DEATH STRAIGHT TOWARD THE U.S.S. PAWNEE!

ABOARD THE NAZI SUBMARINE!

HOLD THIS LEVEL! THEY ARE ATTACKING US! FIRE STERN TORPEDO TUBES!



INSTANTLY THE PAWNEE'S HEAVY IS
SLAMMED HARD OVER ... AND
WITH THE BLOWERS HOWLING SHE
VEERS TO AVOID THE DEADLY
MISSILES ..



THERE THEY
GO!

MISSED US!



GOT HER!! WE'VE BAGGED
TWO, SO FAR!

BUT WE CAN'T
HOLD OUT LONG
WITHOUT HELP!
THOSE FLEET UNITS
HAD BETTER ARRIVE
SOON!



AND THE NEXT INSTANT A
ROARING SHEET OF FLAME MARKS
A SHELL HIT BY THE PAWNEE!



VALIANTLY THE PAWNEE JOINS IN
THE HOPELESS BATTLE WHILE THE
TRANSPORTS' GUNS RAIN HEAVY SHELL
FIRE ALL AROUND HER ...

A FLEET OF NAZI TRANSPORTS FOLLOWS THE
SUBMARINE ATTACK ON THE PORT.

HERE COME
THE TRANSPORTS!



THAT LAST HIT
CRIPPLED THE
STERN GUN,
SIR!

THEN KEEP FIRING!
WE'LL LET THEM
KNOW THEY'VE
BEEN IN A
FIGHT!

BATTLE WAGONS.
SIR! OUR SHIPS!
HERE THEY COME!

THAT'S THE SPIRIT!
WE'VE GOT THOSE
TRANSPORTS CAUGHT
LIKE RATS IN A
TRAP!



THE MAJESTIC BATTLE WAGONS OF THE U.S. FLEET
UNLEASH THEIR TERRIBLE THUNDER BOLTS AND THE
NAZI INVASION FLEET IS POUNDED INTO A SHAMBLES!



AND THE STARS AND STRIPES FLOAT
VICTORIOUS OVER A VANQUISHED ENEMY!



BUT THE U.S.G. PAWNEE CANNOT
STAY TO ENJOY THE TRIUMPH IN
WHICH IT SHARED! THERE IS A WAR
TO BE WON. ONCE AGAIN THE
GALLANT LITTLE FIGHTING SHIP
HEADS HER FROW SEAWARD...

THE Tootsie Roll OF HONOR

HONORS TO ALL

WHO HELP US WIN!



JOHNNY T. takes over! Big Sam who cleaned the school grounds is in the Navy now. So Johnny T. and his pals carry on. (They sweeten their labors with chewy TOOTSIE ROLLS, America's favorite candy!)



LOOK AT ELSIE D. painting furniture for the U. S. O. Recreation House! She slings a mean brush (and pops herself up with chocolatey TOOTSIE ROLLS. Tootsies are swell for muscles . . . and brains too!)



DONALD S. has distributed hundreds of posters to storekeepers! We say hurray for Donald! He says hurray for TOOTSIE ROLLS, his favorite candy! Donald eats at least one Tootsie Roll a day!



JENNIE B. gives mother more time for war work . . . by fixing the lunches for her brothers and herself. Tootsies go into their lunch boxes every day! They're energy-food!



America's favorite chewy chocolate candy

EVER TASTE A TOOTSIE POP?

Look at this picture of a Tootsie Pop cut open. It has a "heart" of soft chewy Tootsie Rolls! Two candies in one . . . All for a penny!



"BE STRONG-TO WIN!" SAYS UNCLE SAM

Uncle Sam wants you to eat what's nourishing, pure, and gives you energy. So eat plenty of chewy, chocolatey Tootsie Rolls . . .

RICH IN DEXTROSE FOR QUICK FOOD-ENERGY

Tootsie Rolls

1¢ AND 5¢

© G M

TAKE A TIP! TAKE A TOOTSIE! IT'S TOPS!



**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

NATIONAL

SM
★
2



COMICS

10¢

FEB.
No. 29



EXTRA!
UNCLE SAM
and **BUDDY**
THE AMERICAN BOY
meet
THE HORRIBLE
"DR. DIRGE!"

New DAISY Play Guns READY

BANG BANG BANG

**- FAST AS YOU
CAN WORK IT!**

★ **HARMLESS!**

★ Military Gun Sling

★ Fast Pump Action

★ A Repeater

★ "Bang!" Noise

★ Genuine Daisy Quality
and Durability

\$1¹⁹
Plus 6c Postage

Duty Added
in Canada

DAISY COMMANDO

Repeating **PLAY GUN**

Get and shoot this new, safe fun gun—the DAISY COMMANDO! (Not an air rifle.) Just put that husky stock to your shoulder, grab the pump action and let 'er go!

Makes a "BANG!" each time you work it. Be a Commando! Carry it on your back with the military-type gun sling—like a Commando does! Absolutely harmless. Exciting fun, indoors, outdoors. Ideal for military drills. Ask Dad or Mother to send only \$1.19 plus 6c for postage—handling direct to us and we'll ship your COMMANDO postpaid at once! (Or use your own money!)

This beautiful red, white and blue Daisy Victory Model Crest appears on each play gun stock.



TURN THE CRANK

**RAT-TAT - TAT - A - TAT
RAT-TAT - TAT - A - TAT
TAT-TAT**

**TO BOYS
OF AIR RIFLE AGE:**

Your Daisy Dealer may have some Daisy Air Rifles in stock. Tell DAD you want one for Christmas or suggest he buy it right now from the Dealer—because no more Daisy Air Rifles will be manufactured during the war. Daisy is TOO busy making war products for Victory.

**Attention
PARENTS!**

These two new Daisy play guns carry the Commendation Seal from PARENTS' MAGAZINE. They are made of wood on machines not needed for war production. The COMMANDO and CHATTERMATIC are harmless but give plenty of a-c-t-i-o-n and noise to children from 8 to 11 years old. Both are superior in workmanship, durability, and quality. Order DIRECT from us.



DAISY CHATTERMATIC

89¢

Plus 11c Postage
Duty Added in Canada

TURN the firing crank—hear this sub-machine gun go "Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat!" Sounds like a real Tommy Gun—the kind soldiers carry. Daisy CHATTERMATIC is safe, harmless. Realistic handgrip, round magazine in machine gun style. It "shoots noise"—and plenty of it! Not an air rifle. Sturdy, all-wood construction. Jet black barrel, red magazine, natural wood finish stock. You'll be the envy of the other kids when your Daisy CHATTERMATIC starts "chattering." Light, easy to carry and use. Genuine Daisy quality and workmanship. Get yours now. If you haven't the money—ask Dad or Mother to mail only 89c plus 11c for postage—handling DIRECT to Daisy and we'll ship CHATTERMATIC immediately! Do it now!

DAISY PLAY GUNS MADE BY THE MAKERS OF WORLD-FAMOUS

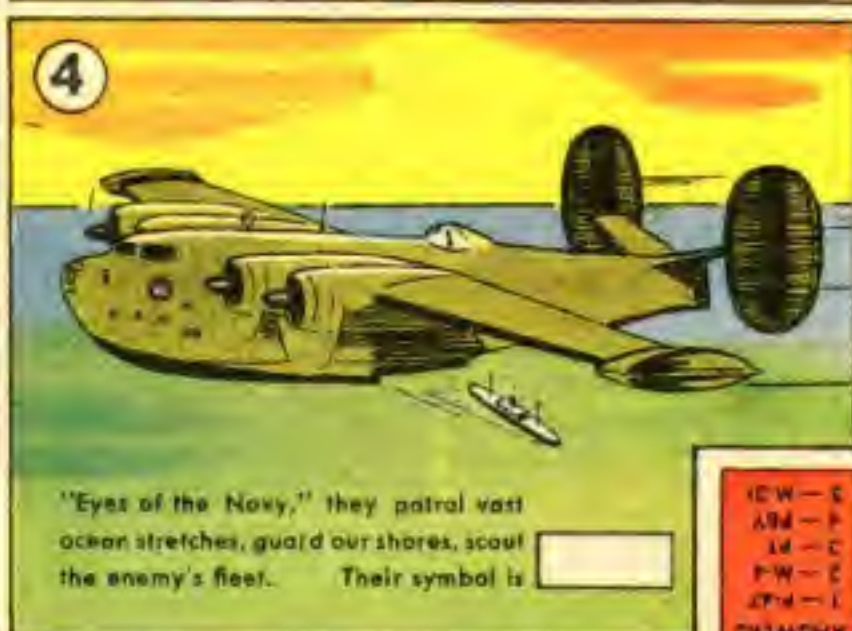
DAISY AIR RIFLES



DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 491 UNION ST., DEPT. 3, PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW OUR WAR WEAPONS?

See how many of these famous symbols you can write in the blank spaces under the pictures.



Answers:
1-P-47
2-M-4
3-PT
4-PB4



The Morrow Coaster Brake is a member of "The Invisible Crew"—precision equipment built by Bendix—on war duty on every front.

MORROW COASTER BRAKE. They fight with our Bicycle Troops and with our Parachute Troops. Their symbol is (because of the thirty-one ball bearings that give you the longest coasting, easiest pedaling bike-ride you ever had).



ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION

NATIONAL COMICS, February, 1942, No. 29. Published monthly by Comic Magazines, Inc., 8 Lord St., Buffalo, N. Y. Executive Offices, Gurley Building, 322 Main St., Stamford, Conn. R. M. Arnold, General Manager. John Beardsley, Editor. Yearly subscription \$1.20 plus 50 cents for mailing, total \$1.50. Elsewhere \$2.00. Entered as second-class matter March 22, 1940, at the Post Office, Buffalo, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. The characters and events pictured herein are entirely fictitious. The Publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. Editorial and Advertising Offices, 370 Lexington Ave., New York City. R. S. Marthay, Advertising Representative. P. E. M. Cole & Co., 75 E. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill., Sole Representative. Copyright 1942 by Comic Magazines, Inc. Printed in U. S. A.